

Clown Dance by Kendra 'Kai' Barton

Category: IT

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-09-11 10:48:07

Updated: 2018-09-12 12:39:29

Packaged: 2019-12-12 05:08:39

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,162

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sequel to Falling; Twenty seven years have passed since Pennywise went on his first killing spree in Flagstaff Arizona, having, for the first time, taken a human into hibernation with him. Now, he wakes again with a new hunger and with the consequences of keeping a human, alive, in the deadlights for an extended amount of time. A human he loves.

1. Chapter 1

Author's note; For my normal followers, you will notice that I removed my original story "Clown dance" the sequel to "Falling" And the reason for that was because I was not happy with how the story was turning out, and I found myself at a standstill on how to continue it.

And so without further to do, I would like to post my normal warnings of Violence, Goor, Sexual content, Bad language, and anything else you might expect to see in a fiction based off of a Stephen King Novel.

This story is a continuation of my previous work "Falling" I recommend you go and read that before tackling this one, as it will make no sense otherwise. Thank you and please enjoy.

December, 2043; Flagstaff Arizona

December had consisted of hellish snowstorms for the residents of Flagstaff. Already over ten inches of snow in this one month alone, no one even wanted to consider what January was going to be like. Unfortunately, despite the nasty storms, there was just no feasible way to keep schools closed for snow days. With the winter breaks approaching quickly teachers had been trying to get as much information into their students heads as possible, bumping up the amount of homework and having more and more tests to make sure it was locked in for the break. For Damien Lee and Jacqueline Romohov, this was a whole new type of hell. Being ten years old and wanting to go outside and make snowmen and go sledding down the hill, the amount of homework they were given was nothing more than chains, keeping them inside their stuffy homes, surrounded by their older, less fun siblings.

It was particularly cold when school got out that Friday afternoon, the wind blew snow up into their faces as they walked down Sixth street towards the apartment buildings the two friends lived in. Both of them lived in single parent households, were the adults had to work full time. Normally they would wait for Damien's older brother to come and pick them up, but Jason was out of town on a band trip,

so they walked.

It wasn't too bad for a while, the two of them squeezing out of the massive crowds of children all scrambling to get into cars or a bus, before making their way down the small road towards home, having to almost yell at each other as they talked.

"Why did Mrs. Holmes have to give us this much homework?" Jacquelin asked as she rubbed her hands together, the fur of her coat hood tickling her forehead. "I mean, isn't it bad enough that we can't go outside most of the time anyway?!"

"She's a teacher!" Damien replied. "It's her job to make us miserable!"

They both laughed as their feet crunched on the sidewalk, luckily someone had come by and shoveled this part of it earlier today, the banks almost taller than their heads on the side of the road. Damien was trying his best to keep his scarf from blowing up into his face, holding down with his mittened hands as he struggled against the wind. He was happy for the scarf, it was a birthday present from his grandma, who he loved very much. He had always wanted to ask her to teach him how to knit, but Jason had always told him that knitting was something a girl did. Why that mattered, he had no idea, but he didn't want to get teased about it.

Still, though, the scarf had saved him from a good portion of the cold this winter, and for that he was very grateful. The downside was, however, was that it was very long, and had the unfortunate tendency to bop him on the face when the wind got super hard. Now, he had to keep his hand pressed against its tail, looking like an old man who was hard of breathing whenever he walked outside with it.

"Do you think your mom will let you come over during the break?" He asked his best friend, looking up at her. She had grown really tall, taller than him, but he didn't care. She was still the funnest person in the school. "Dad said the snow should stop by then, and we could have a sleepover with Parker maybe?"

"I don't know, Damien." She said, her dark eyes squinting to see through the snow. "Momma says she doesn't like the idea of me staying over at a boys house. Something about it being inappropriate."

I don't know why."

"That's weird." Damien said shaking his head as he looked around him. They were across the street from the skatepark now. They would have to pass it in order to get home, but he really wished they didn't. The park was almost always empty, and when it wasn't it was strange people who were there. Old stinky men with raggedy beards or women with baggy clothes and knots in their hair. Jason had told him once that it had been the scene of a murder once, when their mom was a kid, and since then most people avoided it. Damien didn't fully believe his big brother, but it was still creepy.

The two of them stood at the crosswalk, waiting for the light to change as the wind howled around them. Damien was keeping an eye on the park, looking through the iron fence at the dips and hills covered in white. As the light changed and they started to cross the street, Damien squinted in to the park. It wasn't all white, there was something red there. As soon as they were up on the sidewalk again, he nudged Jacqueline and pointed it out. She squinted at it, holding her hood back from falling into her face.

"What is that?" she asked, calling over the wind. Damien shrugged and walked up the small rocky slope to the gate, holding onto the bars to get a better look.

"I...think it's a balloon...." He called back, staring at it. Jacqueline joined him at the gate and looked in.

"I think your right. What's it doing in there, and why hasn't it popped or blown away in the wind?"

"How should I know?" Damien said as he started to pull away, nudging at her shoulder. "Come on, we're' almost home and its cold. Lets get inside and thaw out."

Jacqueline nodded and started to step away when another voice called out, high and sweet, a friendly voice.

"Hey there, kiddos! Would you like a balloon?"

The two friends turned back to the skate park and, much to their

surprise, saw a clown. He was standing there, holding the balloon they had seen earlier. At first Damien was shocked, how had he not seen him before, but as the clown smiled at them with his buck teeth and red lips, he couldn't help but smile back. How some people thought of clowns was beyond him, all he had ever known of them was that they were funny people. Damien stepped back up the bars as the clown strode forward, bending down to look the two kids in the eyes. He was dressed all in silver, maybe that's how he had missed him before, though that didn't explain him missing the red hair.

"It's awfully cold for two kids to be walking around." The clown said with a smile. "What are you doing out here in this terrible storm?"

"We just got out of school, and we're on our way home." Jacqueline said, holding a hand on Damien's shoulder. "If we're not home within the hour our parent's will worry...."

Damien looked at her for a moment and saw her face. She looked nervous, despite the friendly smile on her wind worn face. Her dark skin standing out stark against the white backdrop. *She looks really pretty actually.* He thought for a moment before shaking his head.

"Oh, don't worry don't worry, I was just on my way to meet up with the circus myself, had to do some shopping!" The clown said, raising a plastic bag that looked like it came from a nearby store. "I won't take up your time! But I was so shocked to see a couple of kids out in this storm that I was worried! Then I saw you looking at the balloon and I thought, you know what, Pennywise, those kids look pretty miserable out there in the snow. Go and give em a balloon, that'll make em happier, and help make sure cars see them in the storm!"

The clown smiled again, his blue eyes light and friendly as the kids giggled a bit. Jackie relaxed a little bit and shrugged.

"Sure, we'll take a balloon, but then we gotta get going." She said. The clown smiled and separated a string from the cluster he had in his hand, holding it out to her. She reached out and took it, and started to pull it forward but it got caught on the bars and popped on impact with the cold metal. The clown, Pennywise apparently, gasped and looked sad for a moment before shaking his head, the

slight sound of bells barely piercing through the dull of the wind.

"Well that won't work. Here, there's a gave over there, right next to the road and within view of those apartments." He said, pointing at their own apartment buildings on the hills. "Meet me over there and I'll hand them to yah through the gate, that way they won't pop on yah!" He gave a light, childish giggle. The kids laughed and nodded in return before stumbling back down onto the pavement and walking around towards the gate. Jackie kept an eye on the clown, Damien noticed, as they walked. Watching him keep to the edge of the park, avoiding the bowls and the ditches that surrounded the gate.

"I didn't realise there was a circus in town." Damien said, catching her attention. "Do you think we might be able to go if the weather clears up?"

"I dunno..." She said, frowning a little as she saw the clown trip over something in the snow, catching himself with a little hop. "I don't think I've ever seen a circus in town, or even heard of one up here...."

"He seems nice though. Maybe we can ask if their setting up here or just passing through?"

"Damien...didn't your papa ever tell you not to trust strangers?" She asked, giving him a look that made her look way to much like her own Mom.

"Well yeah...." Damien said with a sheepish smile. "But, like...we're right in front of the apartments and you told him that we had people waiting for us. I think we're pretty safe....besides, you agreed to take a balloon so you aint got no place to talk!"

She laughed and shrugged. He had a point. So they made their way to the gate where the clown was waiting. He opened the gate up and smiled down at the two of them, holding out the balloons for them to take.

"Here ya go!" He said with a grin. Damien took his and looked at his happily, then Jackie went to take hers but stopped. His eyes were yellow. She frowned a little bit and started to pull her hand away

when one, extremely hot, gloved hand reached up and took her arm.

"What's the matter Jackie? Don't you want a balloon?" The clown's voice was different now. Still light but it seemed heavier somehow. Almost like a growl. She tried to pull her hand away but his grip was too strong. The clown smiled wider and were buck teeth once stood out was now a jagged, sharp smile. Jackie was about to scream when those teeth lunged forward, sinking into her arm and crunching, ripping, pulling. Her cry was caught in her throat, the pain instantly sending her into shock. She was barely aware of Damien's cry for help before he too, was silenced by a large hand clamping over his mouth. Jacqueline felt herself start to fall on to the red snow when a long, ropy arm picked her up and started to carry both of them away. She was still alive, and even aware, but she couldn't move or speak. She watched as a trail of blood followed the clown's footsteps, dripping from the bony stump that had once been her arm.

Damien was struggling and kicking, screaming against the hand that was dragging him forward, his eyes darting this way and that as the clown carried them towards an open grate that lead into a large tunnel in a ditch. The clown entered the tunnel and the grate closed behind them, leaving them in darkness, with just the faintest of light coming in behind them as they continued onward.

Damien looked over at Jackie, who was laying limp over the clown's shoulder, her eyes were just staring at the floor behind them. *Oh god...is....is she dead?* He thought to himself. He had no idea, he had never seen a dead person. He watched her, trying to scream out her name as he continued to kick, and she blinked. Oh, good, she was still alive, but her arm...her arm was gone.

He was feeling sick to his stomach, and as the tunnel continued to get darker and darker he felt his own body go limp, losing the energy to fight. She had been right, why had he trusted the clown? Why had he wanted a balloon so badly? Balloons were for babies....And darkness took him.

2. Chapter 2

The long Sleep

The cavern was cold and dark, only the gentle sound of dripping water to cut through the silence, echoing through the tunnels that lead in to their nest. Maria Reigns was going through the pile of belongings that had decayed over the last two decades, looking for anything that might still be salvageable. The dress she had gone to sleep in had practically rotted off of her body, being held up by thin strands that hitched up around her neck, tangling into her now insanely long hair. The dark brown locks trailed the floor behind her, getting caught on the various things that poked up like synthetic bambles. No matter how much she had tried to ball it up over her shoulders, it continued to fall, weighing her down as she tried to move. She had been looking for anything sharp enough to cut this mass of hair. Her old hunting knife had gone dull due to weathering, and every pair of scissors she had found had snapped in two due to rust on the hinge.

She was getting frustrated with it, in all honesty, a frustration that was growing with her hunger. She felt tired and weak, now sitting down on a somewhat soft part of the pile in order to catch her breath. She looked up at the grate above her, looking at the pale light that filtered in as snow fell into their little home. It was cold, out here in the world. Not at all like being in the lights, where it was warm and comfortable. She was never hungry when she was in the lights, she didn't feel the weight of her hair on her head, or the chill of the wind, just him. Just Pennywise.

Pennywise. She smiled as she thought about his face, how it had looked so concerned when she had woken up, at least thirty pounds lighter than she had been when she went to sleep. The bullet wound in her shoulder had healed completely, barely a scar left to remember it. Golden eyes had looked over her, touching her skin as she almost fell into him, unexpectedly weak. He had held her for a bit before leaving to go get both of them the food they needed, as well as some other supplies.

That had been a few hours ago, and he was still out. She wondered if

he had gotten lost, had the city changed a lot in the last twenty-seven years? Twenty seven years...it didn't feel like it had been that long. When she had found a small hand mirror in a purse, she had looked at herself in it, he hair was long, her face sallow, and there was a faint yellow gleam in her one green and one brown eyes, but she still looked like a nineteen year old. Despite the unfortunate, and somewhat weird side effects of it, Penny's plan had worked. She had survived the hibernation with him, something that a human was, most certainly, not supposed to be able to do.

Now, however, she felt she could fully understand what he experienced every time he had woken hunger. She was starving, ravenous almost, and she felt like she would eat anything she could get her hands on. Her stomach was groaning at her constantly, and every time she moved to continue her search, it moaned more. Hopefully Pennywise would be back shortly with-

There was a slight dragging sound coming down one of the tunnels. She looked towards it and smiles as she saw the two, yellow gleams peeking out of it. Eventually the pale face accompanied the eyes, and then the rest of him. He was back, dragging a young boy in a heavy snow coat in one hand, and what she assumed must be a young girl was slung over his shoulder, the bag in his hand slumped against her back. She got up as she dropped both of his victims down onto the ground, causing a dull, wet slap as the girls stump of an arm splashed into a puddle. Maria smiled and went up to him, kissing his lips, tasting the dried blood that stained his chin.

"Had a snack on your way back?" she asked as he pulled her against him, handing her the bag that contained a set of clothes, some food, and a nice, sharp looking pair of scissors.

"Couldn't help it." he replied lightly. "I was ravenous. But I brought you some snacks of your own, so we're even."

Maria chuckled and looked over at the two kids. The boy's eyes were closed, but she could see his chest moving as he breathed, the girl on the other hand, was very clearly dead. Her eyes were open and fogged over with a milky film. Maria looked at the two kids for a while, before turning away and smiling at Pennywise again.

"Well eat up. I'm gonna do the same and cut away this insane rapunzel hair." He reached up and gave him another kiss, much to his very clear delight. As she started to walk back to the little wagon that had been a sort of room for her at one point, he took her hand and stopped her, putting his other hand on her hip and kissing the back of her neck.

"Don't be to long. My appetite is for more than just food..." He hummed in her ear, sending a shiver down her spine. She nodded and smiled, patting his cheek before going on to her business.

She hadn't even entered the wagon before she heard a wet, dull crunching sound coming from where the children lay. She doubted either one of those kids would be floating later, he looked hungry enough to eat them entirely, right then and there. Not that she blamed him. The smell of convenience store deli chicken whafted up from the bag in her hand as she stepped inside and closed the door with a dull, wooden thwak. Sitting down on the dusty bed she looked around the small wagon, it had gotten dusty again, but it wasn't too bad. Considering how long Pennywise had been in possession of this wagon, she had to assume some form of his power kept it from falling apart.

Now if only there was a way for him to just make it keep clean.... She mused to herself with a small smile, reaching in to the bag and pulling out her food. It had gotten a bit cold in the winter air, but it was still edible, and there was a lot of it, so she had no reason to complain. Oddly enough, however, it did not have the same kind of flavor she had remembered it having. Perhaps it was even more synthetic than it used to be, so far in the future, but it tasted bland, dull, almost like chewing on rubber.

Still, she ate the entirety of the bag, feeling her stomach protest from being empty to almost too full. She knew that eventually she would have to worry about exercising again, regaining that muscle she had lost in her sleep, but she had time. Last time Penny had stayed awake for almost ten months, that would be enough time to figure out how to prepare better for their next rest. Right now, however, the big issue was this hair.

Pulling the scissors out of the bag and looking at their packaging, she

sighed. Those stupid zip-ties that were such a pain were still used to hold them onto their new plastic boards with the pictures and warning. She turned them over in her hand, and her eyes moved down to the barcode in the lower right-hand side of the package. One pair of scissors for....fifty cents? And these looked like decent scissors too, prices went down? Maria shook her head in shock. She had always assumed that things like this would just keep getting more and more ridiculously expensive over time. So shaking her head again, she reached into the ancient remains of a fire that had once been used to keep her warm and pulled out her dull, rusty hunting knife. Carefully, so as not to hurt herself with it, she was able to saw through those zip ties and pull the scissors free. She tossed the trash back into the bag before going over to the dusty, broken mirror that had once been a part of a makeup vanity and started to snip away.

She was hacking at it at a pretty short length, if it was being done by a real hair dresser it probably would have been close to the good ol pixie cut. Maria, however, was never very good at giving herself a haircut. She did it, usually when it was getting too annoying at home, but she kept it long enough that if it was uneven she could just hide it in the natural body of her hair. This wasn't possible with how short it was going now. As she chopped off the rest of the bulk and ruffled her hands through the dry mess on top, it sort of looked like when a five year old took a pair of school scissors to their barbie doll. She looked at herself in the mirror again and shrugged, it wasn't great, but it was better than the fifty pounds of hair she had a few moments ago.

So she pulled off the raggs that had once been a dress and used it to brush the little, itchy wisps of hair off of her shoulders and tossed it to the side. As she was reaching back into the bag to pull out the clothes Pennywise had brought her, a pair of warm, silk hands wrapped themselves around her waist from behind, a gentle kiss being placed just behind her ear.

"I like the haircut." Pennywise said in a hum. "Its cute."

"It's shit, and I know it." Maria said with a chuckle, turning in his arms to look up at him. He looked just like he had when she had gone to sleep, or float. Nearly seven foot tall, white skin with a red smile that trailed up over his golden eyes, he looked much more

rested then he had, but that was the only change. Pennywise smiled and tilted his head, running a hand down her side as he looked over her, concern mixing with lust in his eyes.

"You've lost so much weight..." He said, almost sadly. "I'm sorry....I didn't know it would do this to you...."

"We both knew there would be risks." She said, putting her hand to his cheek. "If a mass amount of hair growth and the loss of some weight are the worst I suffered then I would say we were very lucky."
"

Pennywise sighed and looked down at his feet, the little remnants of blood on this clothing sticking out against the silver. Maria put her hand under his chin and made him look up at her, giving him a gentle smile.

"I'm okay, Pennywise. I'm okay. I promise." She looked at him for a moment before he smiled and nodded a little, the bells on his suit jingling sadly. She put her arms around his shoulders and stood on her toes to kiss him again, pressing her body against his, feeling his heat. She remembered the first time she was ever this close to him, she had thought the mere touch of his skin would burn her. What was she doing? Right...she had jumped on his back and put him in a stranglehold, trying to get him off of....Charlie....

Maria pulled away at the memories, her eyes drifting away from her lover for a moment. Pennywise looked at her in concern for a moment before recognising that gleam in her eye. A shine that reminded him so much of the one he would have when he was hungry, or angry. She was mad, furious, and it was beautiful. He ran his fingers through her short hair, catching her attention for a moment.

"We'll find them, Maria, if they're still here..." He said, a small, cruel, playful smile on his lips. " We'll find them."

Maria smiled again, a smile he had only ever seen before once, when they had killed that David kid...together. God, it made her look so powerful when she smiled like that. Despite her thin frame, she looked like she could take on the world in that moment. And he

wanted to help her.

Maria took a hold of the front of his clown-suit and pulled him back, spun around, and pushed him back onto the small bed, causing it to creak loudly. Pennywise didn't have time to react before she was on top of him, her long legs on either side of his hips, her mouth bearing down on his own. He leaned up to kiss her more, but he didn't try to sit up completely. Her hands were on his shoulders, holding him back as she rocked against him. Despite all of those times in the past, those hot, primal nights when he would bend her over and mount her like a beast, he could never see her as his property. He was never in control with her.

This moment showed perfectly just what he had chosen. She was the one in charge. If she wanted something, it was hers. If she didn't want him to do something, he wouldn't. He didn't even have to ask her, he just knew. She would indulge his primal, animalistic side, but she would never be forced into anything. She was too powerful to let that happen.

And so, Pennywise leaned back and let himself be swept up in her desires. Their first contact since waking from such a long rest. It must have lasted for hours, Maria was full of much more energy than either one of them could have thought possible. She rode him to climax several times, never needing to speak for him to know how she wanted to be touched, or were. Unspoken communication let him know then to push up, deeper or to relax and let her do the work.

They were perfectly in sync.

After making love the two of them lay together in the old, rotting bed, keeping each other warm in the cool winter air. Maria was rubbing little circles in his chest with her fingers, and he was mirroring the motion on her lower back. Both of them still catching their breath, and sweating a little bit, they were silent. A gentle, peaceful moment between two lovers.

"What's it like out there?" She asked him after a few short moments, her eyes looking hazy and happy. He wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer to his chest, sighing in her smell.

"About the same as it was before." He said softly. "More buildings, and taller. The cars are more quiet but it wasn't a massive change."

She nodded to him and breathed out a sigh of her own, sitting up and shivering slightly. Pennywise rubbed his hand up and down her arm, looking over her. *We need a new place to live. She's human, she can't be in these types of places for too long...*

"Maria....what do you think about-"

"I want to kill them."

Pennywise stopped and looked at her, his eyes blinking in mild shock. Her eyes were hard again, looking at nothing in particular as she spoke her thoughts out loud. He sat up as well and pulled her against his chest, her skin feeling cold to him.

"Of course." He replied, nuzzling against the crook of her neck. "We will kill them."

"Can we make it hurt? The same way they..."

"The way they hurt you?" He asked. She nodded. He kissed her shoulder and turned her so that they were looking at each other again.

"Of course. Anything you want." He smiled at her and brushed a hand against her cheek. "We can hurt them as much as you wish before they die."

Maria smiled at him again and, for a brief second, he thought her teeth looked a little bit sharper than they had before. But when he blinked they were back to normal, flat, sort of crooked, human teeth.

Giving him a small kiss Maria stood up and started looking for the bag he had brought her, pulling it out from under the cot where they had kicked it. He started to pull on the clean clothes, new bra and panties, jeans and, oh her old favorite, a simple tank-top. Pennywise watched her for a few moments before standing up himself, his own clothing dawning themselves at his will. He patted her back and smiled, holding onto her hand as she pulled on her ancient pair of boots, still stained from her blood.

"Do you want to go up? There was quite the storm happening but I'm certain we could find somewhere to go that isn't too cold."

Maria smiled and nodded, walking with Pennywise out of the wagon and down the small slope of belongings. Maria looked up and saw a single, small floating form circling high above them, casting a shadow in pale, snowy light.

"Yeah...lets go see how the world's changed."